AT THE THEATRES

STELLA TRACY in REVIVAL of THE RED MILL at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

LILLIAN LORRAINE in ZIEGFELD FOLLIES of 1912 at the MOULIN ROUGE Oct 21

TANTALIZING TOMMY at the CRITERION

EMILY STEVENS in the POINT OF VIEW at the 48th St Theatre Oct 25

LEWIS MEYER

JOSE COLLINS in The MERRY COUNTESS at the CASINO

LILA BARCLAY in A SCRAPE O' THE PEN at JOE WEBERS THEATRE

AURIOL LEE & GERTRUDE RHEAD & GLADYS MASON as EMILY - ACT 2 - 1885 in MILESTONES at the LIBERTY

THE PLAYGOER

An Interesting Week in the Theatres of New York.

A week which has seen the production of "The 'Affairs' of Anatol," "The New Sin" and "Little Women" is, in the concerns of the theatres, a week of no small importance. "Anatol" was enjoyable, but it would have been far more enjoyable had the principal character been able to suggest, however faintly, some likeness to the gay worldling of Vienna who described himself as "a toy philosopher." John Barrymore made of Anatol a rather dull, heavy young man who talked out of a book, or like one. He was merely a melancholy young American, monotonous in voice and manner. Never for a moment did he give a Continental touch to anything he said or did. You wondered why he said and did these things. He seemed to be saying and doing them all as proxy for some friend, and saddened by his talk. He was scarcely the Anatol of Arthur Schnitzler. And yet the play bore up beneath his heaviness of manner and his carelessness of speech.

The best acting in "The 'Affairs' of Anatol" was that of Miss Doris Keane, whose Mimi was quite as clever a piece of work as her Adrienne Morel in "Decorating Clementine," two years ago. The hopeless vulgarity of Mimi was quite a revelation to spectators who have been accustomed to think of Miss Keane only in parts in which dainty beauty is seen under conditions of distress. Here was a pert chorus girl, with no manners to speak of, giving Anatol "the mitten" because she had fallen in love with a player in the orchestra. Did he play the trombone or the drum and cymbals? Mimi was hungry, and she made the most of her last champagne supper. She was entirely frank with Anatol, who for once in his life was amazed that any woman could resist him. The third act in this play depends neither upon Anatol nor Max, but upon Mimi. And Miss Keane carried the load with remarkable skill. She received and earned the best applause of the evening. In the following act Katherine Emmet was very good indeed in a part which demanded fine feeling and restraint.

"The 'Affairs' of Anatol" gives a pleasant evening in the delightful Little Theatre.

Winthrop Ames announces for production at The Little Theatre during the holiday season, "Snow White, and the Seven Dwarfs," a fairy play for children and grown-ups. The piece is dramatized by Jessie Braham White from a story by the Brothers Grimm.

"Seldom," says the announcement, "have the youngsters had a play of their very own. Even 'The Blue Bird' (first presented in America under Mr. Ames's direction) has written primarily for adults. But 'Snow White' is intended solely as a glimpse of the fairy land of 'once upon a time,' to which children may take their parents (when these parents have been particularly good), or their favorite aunts and uncles, without fear of offending the taste of those curiously sensitive persons.

"The characters of the famous fairy tale—the little princess who goes a-housekeeping for the Seven Dwarfs, the wicked Queen with her magic mirror, the old Witch, Prince Charming, etc.—are all in the play, and, of course, 'live happily ever after' at the end.

"Played in wholesome surroundings, and within the two hours after school and before supper time, it is hoped that 'Snow White' may prove just the afternoon of imaginative delight that discriminating lovers of children have been looking for."

"Little Women," the play, has won New York's heart, just as Louise Alcott's book has won the hearts of countless thousands of Americans during the past forty-odd years. "Little Women" makes an admirable play. It is the best dramatization of a book that the present writer has ever seen. The impression upon everybody is the same, so far as evidence goes up to this morning. There are the "real people" of the book and there is the flavor of the story. Dramatizations usually fail to bring a book's characters and a story's spirit into the theatre. But "Little Women," the play, catches them all. Besides this fortunate circumstance the work of Miss De Forest and Miss Bonstelle stands on its own merits as a play. It would succeed without any popular acquaintance with Miss Alcott's book. But acquaintance with the book—say, rather, the friendship for it which most of us have—enhances the pleasure of witnessing the play. The performance is first rate.

It is refreshing to know that George Giddens is again in New York. He returned from London this week to join the company which Annie Rusell is getting together for the performace of old plays. George Giddens is to act Tony Lumpkin, Bob Acres, and Dogberry. And capitally will he act these characters! How many years is it since this chronicler first saw Giddens's Tony Lumpkin in London under Charles Wyndham's management? A performance that all who saw it love to recall. It's a good many years since George Giddens first played in New York. In fact, he acted here before he appeared in London. It was with Charles Wyndham. He has been so long associated with Wyndham's company that one always associates him with that king of comedians. But Giddens has frequently played in the United States. He knows our country as well as he knows his own. Two seasons ago he was here as the Admiral in "Pomander Walk." It is to be hoped that having come again he will remain here. Our stage needs actors of his quality.

So much has been written, here and elsewhere, about "The New Sin" that further comment on this strong and excellently performed play seems scarcely necessary. And yet play and performance are well worth another word, although further words are difficult to find. Another visit confirms the earlier opinion. A more interesting modern play has not been seen here in a long time, and a better performance of a modern play has not been seen here at any time. Some persons think the incidents of the piece wildly improbable. They speak, of course, out of their knowledge of life. There is, perhaps, a wider knowledge of life. And you will remember the exclamation of one of Ibsen's characters: "People don't do these things!" Don't they, though! A. W.

THE COMING WEEK.

NEW PRODUCTIONS.

Monday night, October 21, at the Moulin Rouge, "The Follies of 1912," a new Ziegfeld musical revue.

Friday afternoon, October 25, at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, Jules Eckert Goodman's "The Point of View."

COMEDY AND DRAMA.

Belasco Theatre.—Frances Starr, in "The Case of Becky." Well worked out play, with an idea based on topic of current interest.

Century Theatre.—"The Daughter of Heaven," the Chinese spectacular drama by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier. The English adaptation has been made by George Egerton.

Cohan Theatre.—Mr. Cohan's latest play, "'Broadway' Jones," reflects the spirit of the street after which it is named.

Comedy Theatre.—George Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play," a satirical comedy. Full of Shaw wit and comment on current thought.

Eltinge Theatre.—"Within the Law," by Bayard Veiller. A clever melodrama, with Jane Cowl displaying genuine artistry in the role of a lawbreaker.

Empire Theatre.—John Drew, in Alfred Sutro's comedy "The Perplexed Husband." Equips the evening with pleasantry.

Forty-eighth Street Theatre.—Philip Bartholomae's "Little Miss Brown," a comedy.

On Friday afternoon William A. Brady will produce "The Point of View," by Jules Eckert Goodman, for a series of four matinee performances preparatory to making it the regular evening programme at another New York theatre. These performances, after the coming Friday, will be given on the following Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Fri-

Continued on third page.

THE DRAMA ABROAD

New Plays and Comment from London and the Continent.

One of the important theatre events in London recently was the production at Wyndham's Theatre of Hubert Henry Davies's play, "Doormats." Perhaps the importance consisted largely of anticipatory interest, as the result did not seem to sweep any one away with enthusiasm. There was curiosity in advance over the title. "Doormats"—a teasing suggestion. What did it mean? The first sentence of A. B. Walkley's review in "The Times," London, answers this question. Mr. Walkley's illuminative first sentences, by the way, probably account for the amount of quoting that is done from him. In this case he begins:

"People are born to be trodden on or else to do the treading—are either 'doormats' or 'boots.'"

Mr. Davies's play draws a pathetic picture of a loving husband who is a doormat for his "booty" wife. Every one—or nearly every one—in the piece is either a mat or a boot. In other words, "Doormats" is another theory play. Little else is being written just now. The kind of play which, if it were a painting, would be classed as "absolute art" is very little done now. The trend of the times is toward the "idea." Perhaps, although it is not usually so spoken of, it is a part of the impressionist movement. As for "Doormats," Mr. Walkley gives most of his recommendation to the actors.

"In vain," he says, "Miss Marie Löhr changes her gown for every act and tosses her pretty head and pouts her pretty lips; though she is real enough, you know that her part is not. Mr. Dawson Milward is a fine figure of a man, and solid; but the captain he has to present is a too transparent fiction. Mr. du Maurier acts so superbly that he almost persuades us to believe in Noel. He gives a wonderfully simple and natural picture of a weak, loving, trusting man, conscious of his weakness and writhing under it, but unable, except spasmodically, to shake it off. And his little displays of emotion, especially of grief, are strikingly true—the absolutely right expression of emotion in the reticent, shamefaced English way.

Harry Lauder in a Play.

Among the livelier news items comes the information that Harry Lauder, king of both light and heavy laughter in the halls, is to try his hand at being a regular actor in a regular play during the first part of November. The play chosen is Graham Moffat's "A Scrape o' the Pen," and he is to play Geordie Pow.

We have the play here at Weber's Theatre and know that Geordie Pow is a part that will form a sort of frame for Mr. Lauder to work up according to his own inspiration. When the Scotsman comes here to give America his whirlwind tour perhaps he will stop in at Weber's in passing and Geordie Pow it there for a performance.

What Harry Lauder says of the play itself is characteristic:

"Will I play Geordie Pow just as Mr. Moffat has written it? Well, I won't be saying that exactly. I don't think Mr. Moffat will keep me down to his written words exactly. I went to see 'A Scrape o' the Pen' just two days before I came into this nursing home, and it did me good. I know every character and every type in Mr. Moffat's play at the Comedy well in real life. I could put a name to each one of them, and it seems to me that Mr. Moffat's playing that old man is the finest bit of character work I have ever seen. I know Mattha Inglis personally. He is a farmer in the West of Scotland, and any one who has ever seen the original would recognize his counterpart on the stage. And I can tell you a story about him, too, and that chapter of the 'Bible reading' that, I think, must have been in Mr. Moffat's mind when he wrote the Bible reading scene in his play.

"This old farmer never allowed his work, even in harvest time, to interfere with the daily 'reading' to his family and his helpers, so one day they were summoned from their heavy day's work in the fields to sit and listen to 'the Word' at the usual hour. The chapter that was set down for the day was the very same chapter which Mattha reads at the Comedy, so the old farmer began at the first verse, and read two or three more, then he said hastily, looking over his spectacles at the assembled circle, 'and they begat each other down to the eightieth vairse, which is where the chapter ends. Now you know what it is all aboot, so we will gang awa' to the fields and get on with our work.'"

G. B. S. "20th Century Molière."

At least, so he is called by his latest French critic, M. Augustin Hamon, who has written a book about him. Both Shaw and Molière, points out M. Hamon, play with the solemn fooleries of their times and have won the envy, fear and scorn of their contemporaries for their lack of sympathy with human weakness. However inevitable the naming of one person for another is, it is never agreeable. It loads the personality of one on the other and confuses both. And is anything gained by it?

English Critic of Belasco.

An English critic of Mr. Belasco's recent article, "On the Playwright and the Box Office," in "The Century Magazine," says "It is always interesting to read what a dramatist has to say concerning his art." And as it is equally true that it is always interesting to read an Englishman's impressions of anything American, the following from "The London Globe" is reprinted:

"It is always interesting to read what a dramatist has to say concerning his art, particularly if he has practised it with the success of David Belasco, who writes in this month's 'Century Magazine' on 'The Playwright and the Box Office.' As might be expected, the American author-manager regards the box office as the 'one tangible and specific talisman that enables the manager to judge of a play manuscript,' and the most important advice that can be given the playwright is to study the box office point of view without fear, 'even though a bugaboo has been made of it by some self-constituted high priests of art.' To this it may be said that the box office point of view is not, and never can be, the only point of view for the dramatist who regards the art of play writing as something more than a mere business. Otherwise some of the finest works which have helped to raise the standard of the drama and the public taste would never have been produced."

The Latest from Hungary.

At the Comedy Theatre, in Vienna, the latest play by Melchior Lengyel, author of "The Typhoon," was produced a few days ago. It is called "The Czarina," and was written in collaboration with Ludwig Biro, another Hungarian author. It is a play based on the story of Katharine of Russia, whom a Viennese writer refers to as "the murder woman." A varied character the Empress is shown to be in her love affairs, as well as in her affairs of state—hard, tender, cruel, kind, imperial, submissive, and so what history we have of her describes her, too.

"The Fools' Dance."

A young Russian dramatist, Leo Birinski, awakened so much interest in Vienna a season or two ago with a grim play called "The Moloch" that the announcement of his "Dance of the Fools" stirred all playgoers there to expectancy.

The play was given to the public a short time ago and caused general surprise. The piece was a comedy, or rather, a satire, and more unexpectedly still, a satire of the former play over which sympathetic audiences had shed many emotional and sometimes passionate tears. "The Fools' Dance" caricatures every note of sympathy that "The Moloch" struck. Its whole mood of horror is made a joke of. The reviewer for the "Neue Freie Presse" of Vienna admitted himself to have been tantalized, fooled—and interested.

POPULAR APPEAL

London's "Boy" Manager, Lewis Meyer, Talks of What the Public Wants.

London, Oct. 13.—A new star has risen on the managerial firmament, a so-called "boy" wonder, and people here are just beginning to realize that a fresh force has entered into the life of London theatredom. It was barely four years ago that this young and enterprising novice ventured into the realms of theatrical management, but the debut of Lewis Meyer was marked by no ostentation on his own part or fear on the part of competing managers. Here many try and few succeed. Mr. Meyer is one of the select few, and when he produced "The Glad Eye," an adaption from the French "Le Zebre" a year ago, he more than realized a comparatively new born ambition. For a whole year—a long time as modern plays go—"The Glad Eye" has flourished and it is still winking merrily. Three times it has been compelled to move, but its attractive power still holds, better even now at the Strand Theatre than when it was staged at the Globe and the Apollo. And near by, at the Aldwych, "The Great John Ganton" prospers under his management. At the Garrick Theatre the name of Lewis Meyer appears as managing director and several companies now tour the provinces under his control.

Before long he may invade the American field, for negotiations for the production of a popular work in New York under his management are now pending.

The story of this unassuming but ambitious young man tells of diversified taste in vocation, of perseverance and of success. An artist by inclination and by choice, he dabbled in scene painting as a boy in Birmingham, the great industrial centre of the Midlands. He managed a cycle factory almost before he had started to shave. He tried his hand at the wholesale hosiery business, without finding that palatable to his artistic temperament or his desire to get rick quickly. He worked for a pipe merchant, but found his dreams of avarice ending in smoke and a venture in the furniture trade was all too prosaic and lacking in congeniality.

Nineteen years ago a little speculation at an exhibition in Sheffield changed the course of his life and led to his invasion of the wider field of London's commercial activities, and after years of hard and moderately prosperous work as an artist he became proprietor of an art gallery, of an antique store in fashionable Bond street, of a studio in Old Burlington street, part proprietor of a prosperous weekly periodical, an owner of racehorses—for he is passionately fond of sport—and a successful theatrical manager.

His experience as a stallholder at the Sheffield exhibition is worth recounting. With a partner he engaged a Japanese artist to paint floral designs and names on ash trays, and the idea caught on to such an extent that the Jap could not keep pace with the demand. Suddenly there was a gradual fall in the receipts, and one day it was discovered that the Jap was mixing the sugar with the sand, and an undignified exit from the exhibition marked the end of the Eastern artist's tenure. Then it was that Mr. Meyer exercised his artistic abilities at a higher pressure than he had ever thought possible. While his partner was unceremoniously ejecting the Jap he jumped over the counter and set about the task of slap-dashing violets and roses on the trays, with such success that in two weeks his individual profits amounted to $250.

With this capital he came to London, and when he had a drawing accepted for about $5 cents the world took on a brighter hue. He succeeded the late Phil May on one periodical, but then, to use his own words, he was a moderate performer, and he saw there were limits to his earning capacity as a sketch artist.

"So I started a black-and-white gallery and sold original drawings," he told a Tribune representative. "It was jubilee year, and my gallery was in Piccadilly. My luck was dead in, and I cleared $2,500 by letting my windows for the procession. Later I moved to Bond street and exhibited a series of sporting pictures by Cecil Aldin. These were pictures that had been rejected by half a dozen publishers. Suffice to say that they sold well. The first was called 'Every Dog Has His Day' and the second 'Brighton.' Both are well known in America because they were taken to the states by a man who sold over $5,000 worth on his first trip and $1,500 worth on his second. But the third time he went he could not dispose of a copy, as the whole of Aldin's works had been copied over there and were already on the market. The copyright laws were no safeguard, and the American dealers had cut our market clear away from us. I do not blame them. In fact, I rather liked their enterprise. It was something after my own heart. About that time I started art work for 'London Opinion.' From it I eventually became half proprietor, and, incidentally, the paper is now one of the great successes among London weekly publications.

"How did I come to dabble in theatrical business? Curiously enough, I am indebted to America for that, in a sense. My friend, Herbert Sleath, the well known actor, recorded the English rights of 'A White Man,' and I took a share in it. George Fawcett played one of the